and it is possible that I have given offence where offence was not dreamed of; that some people will think that I should not have said this, while others, approving of "this," will be quite certain that I ought not to have said " that."

> " One said it thundered . . . another that an angel spake."

It's the point of view, for I have " set down naught in malice."

During my struggles with rny refractory, fragmentary, and unsatisfactory memories, I have realised that life itself is a point of view ; is, to put it more clearly, imagination.

So if any one said to me at this point in my story: " And is this, then, what you call you£*life ? " I should not resent the question one little bit.

"We have heard/' continues my imaginary and disappointed interlocutor, " a great deal about your life in the theatre. You have told us of plays and parts and rehearsals, of actors good and bad, of critics and of playwrights, of success and failure, but after all, your whole life has not been lived in the theatre. Have you nothing to tell us about your different homes, your family life, your social diversions, your friends and acquaintances ? During your life there have been great changes in manners and customs ; political parties have altered; a great Queen has died; your country has been engaged in two or three serious wars. Did all these things make no impression on you ? Can you tell us nothing of your life in the world ? "

And I have to answer that I have lived

very little in the world. After all, the life of an actress belongs to the theatre as the life of a soldier belongs to the army, the life of a politician to the State, and the life of a woman of fashion to society.